UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1144.

Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

THE REQUIEM.

[The following is the production of a lad twelve years of age—a scholar in the High School in this city. It needs no observation—only read and weep over this:

Blind was I ever to your hatred's early hue,
When he is gone, when he is gone—
Smile of the slow rolling bell you should hear,
When he is gone, when he is gone.

Weep not for him when you stand round his grave,
Think who has died, his beloved to save;
Think of that in the moment you shall have,
When he is gone, when he is gone.

Plant ye a tree to which may wave not him free,
When he is gone, when he is gone.
Sing ye a song if his grave you should see,
When he is gone, when he is gone.

Come at the close of a bright summer's day,
Come when the sun shines he lost long ing ray,
Come and rejoice that he's passed away,
When he is gone, when he is gone.

H

Original Novellette.

JONCE SMILEY;
The Boy Who Had No Friends.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EZEKIEL JUNIUS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "TRUSTING APPEARANCES," "KITTY CLARK, OR THE CHRISTMAS GIFT," "THREE IN A FAMILY."

CHAPTER FIFTH.

IN WHICH JONCE FINDS THE LARGEST LIBERTY COMPATIBLE FOR CONVENIENCE; AND IS CLAD TO EXCHANGE HIS LONG SHIRT AND TROUSERS FOR A JACKET, AND IN WHICH, ALSO THE READER LEARNS HIS FATE.

Jonce, in his escape from fancied danger, as noticed in the last chapter, ran as long as his limbs would support him, fancying at every step that he heard people in pursuit, or that he heard his mother, the Deacon, and the Emigrant shouting after him to come back. It is a singular fact that though a boy may feel that he is out of sight and out of reach of the persons calling, he cannot feel safe while he hears their voices; being convinced of a fact of observation which he fixes may carry him back within the reach of the one from which he has removed himself. A curious fact though this is a fact nevertheless: as you realize may chance to remember, unless you were one of the white boys's children, and never found cackle impressive, being always anxious used to a counter clerk. Leaving this point to be settled by some of the little folks in our large cities, we shall return to the wanderings of Master Jonathan Smiley.

When the child had run so long that he was scared the trouble of deciding what he would next do, by the giving out of his legs, and their refusal to bear further exertion, he found himself in a hedge and ravine, and—in the prostration of mind and body which naturally followed his almost superhuman exertion, he fell asleep—and there, on the cold ground had a long and hideous dream. He fancied that, for some imputed misdemeanour, he was pursued—sought —and found. In this dream, he thought that with which he was found press upon his limbs until they ached, and he would have kicked but could not, for his feet were tied. He thought that he was in a dungeon in which Pollish Perkins was preparing to torment him, and could hear the old villain gloat. He could hardly persuade himself, so fearfully distinct had been the vision, that it was but a dream; and he lay long before he could open his eyes, and when he did, could feel no terribly like the truth, with the solitude which enfolded around him.

But the solitude by was not silent. The eyes which never sleeps had watched—the Providence which never tires had guarded his slumbers. Little cracked he the emigrants' dog-the pilgrim fell asleep, as calmly as unconsciously. The instinct eye of that terror of the American forest—the rattle-snake—attracted by his nervous upon the reptile's devotion—had glistened in vain upon the drowsy boy—had he had sank quietly to sleep, under the unsuspected panel of the serpent, which, had he been awake, would but have terrified him into imminent danger—perhaps into certain death. The submissive rattle of the serpent served, but to forsake, part of the tendency of his dream—and the solace which made him fancy that he was fast bound, and could not stir, secured that quiet of his limbs, and that sleep which most noble of all reptiles of his purpose. The serpent, that is—some time—and that, probably, a full grided—way, and some spared the horror of finding out only unfeeling man, but the very animals of a lower order from shrinking back in fear.

The lad was hungry. He thought of reposing at once to his thankless road to his mother's house, and was then strongly inclined, if he were of any more pleasant than pleasant sauce which would attend it, garnished with tongue, as it invariably was. But while in imagination he was at home, at the grocery, the recollection came that he had stayed, at together, further such fare in his mother's house: he remembered that he was running away from it, and, therefore, for the first time that morning, as on his dreadful to his heart faded him, he thought of home with longings to return—and Hardscrabble as a place not so utterly odious after all. He stopped—and there not before persevered, the dominion of the brambles through which, the dead-fall of the trees, he had to start with some pain. He looked at his hands—they were lacerated and torn, and the blood which had flowed from them had caked upon them in dirty streaks. As his nearly clothing hung in tatters, he saw the shirt—the nearly clothing in a coarse gown, and, looking now, for the first time at the heavens, he perceived that a black and fearful storm was about to break upon him—thunder, blackness, comfort, emotion, and discomfiture as he stood.

Distant mutterings of thunder broke the silence, and the sudden change of the atmosphere, from close to warm, as if in deprecation of the impending fury of the elements. The heavens grew blacker, the startling peals of thunder became more frequent, and more vivid and terrible. In all the poor boy's previous experience, hard as it had been, this extreme of horror and affliction he had not known; for he never before had he felt in danger that most terrible of all discouragements—utter loneliness. He would have walked and stood with Pollish Perkins. Repressing by the companionship of a fellow being were only to be purchased at the price of a whipping.

The instinct of the heart is implanted in us by any natural danger, however untried before; the reason of man is good for nothing until taught by experience of others. So Jonce, of course, in his fright sought the very place for protection which he should have avoided for the danger. He thought from the drenching rain, beneath the branches of a tall tree one of two which had been left standing in the small clearing which the timber-dealers had made in the wood. And from this shelter he saw the bolt fall upon the other tree, and its trunk riven to the very ground. Jonce could form no idea of the power of the elements, and gloated, in bitterness of spirit, at the folly which had urged him from home, and from those whose lot was not such as enough to complain of or forsake. But the next peal restored him to the full activity of his terror. He sprang forth from his shelter, and as he ran across the little area, it seemed to him as if the air around him was red, the earth laid beneath his feet, and ready to gape and swallow him—the heavens above calling up as a pointed scroll. At three bounds he was on a neighboring thicket, and fell upon his face amid the underwood.

Not long did he rest there. In comparative quiet, he

LITTLE MARGARET SMITH.

CLOSE OF THE CHAPTER.

less storm next even made painfully acute than before. He started struggling to his feet, and again fancied that he heard the voices of those in pursuit of him. As he glanced, he received that sudden and violent impetus, which is experienced when an absence of resistance unexpectedly found, when, an exertion ends expected. With every light effect, to the unexpected and fearful light of the lightning, he stumbled at the absence of resistance before mentioned, and as fell he clasped tightly by the knees—the Emigrant's knees! He had reached the narrow road on his wanderings, and struck into it just where the Emigrant family, like him caught in the storm, were all pressing their way, because to proceed was as safe as to rest, and progress, however slowly made, deterred their minds in a degree, from the horrors of the storm.

When Jonce had recovered his senses, for the night and the fell had lasted him of them, the emigrant family were sitting close to their fire, and in the Emigrant's wagon, which had remained generally where his extrapolated inside into the road and engaged in the work of the pilgrim fell asleep, shielding his hands and his temples. He heard the theme of an air, and looking out for the cause found the Emigrant Family.

How still—how calm was that summer evening after the horrors imagined which had so lately before—how sweet the procession of the storm! Not a twig—not a leaf stirred, save where here and there one might gently—

—Lit and fell

Beneath its glittering reward.

Big drops of rain, but recently borne by the shower, dropped from branch to branch, rushing by the way at every step in their descent, until the overcharged leaves dropped down to the next, and the next, and finally to the ground so gently as if they had indeed been fragile gems, requiring to be consigned with all their care to earth.

It nature was at rest, so was our hero. We need not say how heartily he was welcomed, under such circumstances, by our honest Emigrant friends. The reason it required to domesticate him in the Emigrant's Wagon. And now having set Jonce on the road to the West, return him to Hardscrabble.

Several days had passed. It is a delusion among city, that in the country there is no such thing as time, and I wishing to leave Hardscrabble. There is always as great an abundance of home-produced—and, indeed, the particular person in Hardscrabble, the mysterious disappearance of Jonce Smiley was the reigning subject. Any commencement day, of course, no leaves of the scholars were to be found—and the blood which had been discovered in the thicket, where, in working his passage through, had first, and then had ceased to flow. The sun, as we stated, was not quite down, and the blood which had flowed from the hands and face of the boy, in his passage through, leaving tree after tree in its way, and under one of those tall pillages for which the town of Jonathan must have been crushed. But the most diligent search failed to discover any thing to confirm this opinion—no, of course, no traces of the body could be found. It was on its way to a new home, sustained by a more jocund and happy spirit than had ever before inhabited it.

In thinking of Jonce's death, many a villager recollected with more pain than before he had ever felt, the unthinking frown with which he had used the friendless boy, and (just as they do in cities, ages, in nations, too,) they tried to spur their consciences for their share of the loss by letting it fall rather more than justice to the memory of the dead. Of all the eulogists of poor Jonce perhaps none was half so eloquent as Pollish Perkins. Regretting by contending, smacked, that Widow Smiley's son had really some good in him, he had, on the very day of his death, been overhearing over excellent traits in the unsung lad's character, until at last he could not help feeling strong in praise him.

"He was a little wild—but then he would have outgrowed that. Then wasn't a drop of lazy blood in his body; and as to his being disobedient, why, I suppose to do, when he was asked kindly, why there wasn't a boy his match in the township! And then that he should run off—that is kind of the usual, the way-fashion, and nobody to bury him decently —that is, if he was dead—and nobody could tell—"

Here the interest of the weekly was Hardscrabble, came with one letter, done up with circumstance in a wrapper, and two newspapers, one for the Squire and one for the Parson, cut off Pollish's funeral oration. Pollish made a grab at the Squire's newspaper, diverted it of wrapper, and fell to reading, just as if he had paid the subscription and the postage. The lesson ordinarily did the same good turn by the Parson's paper, but the one letter being for him, he left the newspapers to the others, and putting on his spectacles, squared himself down at the window to read.

"Wonder who that is from?" said he, examining the superscription as if he had no other means of him that he was bound to see life, theatres and the like. Stemming, Pollish looked up from the paper at a passing table, and cases, included—but this we not more like how to—

"Here's a letter for you, Deacon," said he. The Deacon opened the letter, and all present opened their mouths.

"Here—what?" shouted the Deacon, holding the letter almost out of doors to see the letter—"Hey—what!" repeated the last-named congregationer—

The Deacon jumped up, and they all jumped—

"The boy Jonathan Smiley!" said the Deacon—

"He is!" they all interrupted—"Under what circumstances—Home since!—Dead corpse, how!"—and they all stood ready to run home to his mother—

"Is alive and well!" shouted the Deacon—"Thank heaven for that!" Then suddenly giving more explanation to his joy—the Deacon fainted! Nay he more he sung!

Tinkle-tinkle come to town
The boy is found
He had a feather in his cap
Which he stuck in his hat
Tinkle-tinkle-tinkle
Is it Yankee doodle?

Nobody was ready to run with this news to Widow Smiley. The Deacon, as soon as he could swallow, drank a full pint of cider, took down his hat, and began to bend, washed, ran, and stopped on his way to the house of the boy's mother. His name did Deacon! Particularly glorious when we remember that the subscription for a new suit of mourning for we no wonder, to be bought out of the Deacon's store, and nearly fired up! Pollish Perkins looked after him a moment. The decease of cruelty and ingratitude, in the person of some few days removed from his sight—

"Humph! No danger of killing such a darned young gallows-bird as that there Jonce, any ways not one!"

Those commonplace had found their old resolution empty, swept and garnished!

CHAPTER SIXTH.

IN WHICH THE READER'S NOT IS INTERMINGLED BUT WHO HAS FRIENDS, AND IN WHICH WE TAKE LEAVE OF THE CHILD'S WIFE.

Jump we a few years. To follow the adventures of our several heroes and heroines has already, we should say, caused a story as long as the Deacon's coffin which we solemnly promise the reader not to impose. Let him suppose Jonce finely quartered in the Emigrant's family—his fortune made by the two, the mother who fell her love reconcile with his absence, and little Margaret, who in her sentimentality, and responsibilities formed early her only confident and adviser. But it is strictly pertinent, we mention in our story, to let the reader know the responsibilities had thus early gathered about the little orphan.

The Deacon Underwood had absolutely "rented out her own soul-case." Extract the homely expression—for polished phrase were but a supernova. A man of wife and children had become his property—he complain, and at which to scold, had no attested her mind to discard, that nothing could strike it so pleasantly as harm-mixed. To Margaret, this universal complaint and bartering, had become as a matter of course. It had even ceased to annoy her, on her own account; but when she grew older, and began to understand the Deacon's otherwise placid temperament, and how it were upon the woman herself, she had learned to pity her tormentor. Benefactress they were; the Deacon without qualification—his wife with the single draw-back with which the reader may by this time fully acquainted.

Long imagining fictitious grade, or magnifying real sorrow. Her only child, a favorite son to whom alliance has been already made in this story—the life of her husband threatened, or rather her uncle at whom she had never scolded, and to whom she had never spoken unkindly, repaid her solicitude by indifference and neglect. At length, she appeared to her and her as a country person, to whom he was, to be the husband of her son, with much of that sanctity which in a girl is so delightful. Her completion was delicate as that of a peach, and, as she came bounding into the room—for it was at a May party that he first met her —her cheek flushed with the richest bloom, her eyes sparkling, her golden hair floating across her shoulders, and her light figure moving like an elastic cushion. Elliott thought, and with truth, that he had never seen anything so beautiful. Fascinated by her looks he sought an introduction. She was in high spirits, and smiled away guilty in reply to him. He fancied her so charming in conversation so she was beautiful in person, and from that hour became her suitor. On every occasion he was to be found at her side. His passion increased daily. No was it long before he awakened a return in her bosom. He was even then pointed out as a rising young man, and in hearing him praised, poor Lucy soon found a secret pleasure. Besides he was good-looking if not handsome, possessed the most engaging manners, and was a universal favourite with the sex. What young heart could resist such attractions? And when Elliott led his lovely bride to the altar every voice foretold for the young couple a life of unencumbered happiness.

—But human foresight is only human. It cannot unravel futurity, even though it knows the elements with which, when combined, are to produce that futurity. Had any one, of Lucy's numerous friends, calmly regarded the dissimilar character of Elliott and his bride, they would have foreboded no such result. The elements existing there, and prophesied anything but fidelity for the lot of the young couple. For, as sympathy is the great bond of the married state, and that sympathy cannot exist on account of incompatibility of character, there is little hope for happiness. You look surprise. But you are young, and have never, perhaps, thought of this subject. Look around you, and you will find that four out of six of your married acquaintance, who are unhappy or indifferent to each other, are so from an absence of that full and entire sympathy, without which the married life is the most dreadful trifallen.

—Lucy was a gay, unsophisticated creature, with a warm heart but little intellect, though her exterior manner often passed for originality, and thus, so to the cause of Elliott, led to the belief that she had more mind than she really possessed. Nor has no strength of character, no reliance on herself, no energy whatever. Petted from a child, she grew up wholly dependent on others in everything. She had no will of her own. Even when Elliott began to pay attentions to her, it is questionable whether she was not led, at first, more by the opinions of others than by her own fancy. Yet do not think she was incapable of loving. Her character and education had only occasioned her to rely on others for her opinions; but when, therefore, she once became interested in Elliott, her love soon became intense. Indeed, her heart is full of warm, womanly impulses, and capable of the most devoted affection. In this, indeed, lies the whole strength of her character. If, with such a heart, she combined more intellect, or if she was united to one of a different character from Elliott, she would be supremely happy, because she would have the power to make him so. But her character is wholly different from hers. He has aspirations she can by no means comprehend, and consequently his cause partial esteem, and her companionship with him, and with-

—Elliott is of a high order of intellect; but this is not all. He is one of the most imaginative of men, and, consequently, is possessed of a high degree of passion and romance of youth. But with this he unites a profound knowledge of the world, and practical habits which have raised him to his present official position. In his intercourse with mankind he is the correct lawyer, the calculating business man, the sagacious and far-sighted politician. In his intercourse with his wife he is the impassioned lover, the fond husband, the doting father. In this he is not singular, for all men who unite good common sense to strong imagination—poets, as that, whatever they may be when off-duty sentimentalists, I suspect her to be sensitive. Thus loving, thus formed as in Elliott's case, he finally became the model husband and father. But, as we have said, he could not have found a more unsuitable companion—for she was dying, and he *felt it* sometimes.

Elliott did he approach himself with his neighbor of whom he had a somewhat contemptible opinion, and since himself that he had not before known her danger—he could not avoid the consciousness that he might have known it, had he been less engrossed in part so attentive to her situation, as the orphan child, who was bound to her by no ties of blood, but who was cherished for the privilege of a friend's attention, while he had hardly thanked her for descending to the grave for him! And if that boy could his gone promised all his young mother could desire, he did well, and from good promptings.—however carelessly he might sometimes have forgotten the pledges into which he entered, for when he first encountered her dying pillow, he was sincere—and she died happy. Our hand was held by her husband—the other by her sister. Each clasp pressed in her last struggles. The father and son were too much affected to sympathize. Margaret's childish grief, not less sincere and deep, could sound a story to go to the Child—and to the dying woman's eye was one of gratitude to the orphan; her last smile—for its death she acknowledged—was a benediction on the little head that knelt beside her; but she cannot give him that sympathy which he required, and consequently he is driven to the resources of his own mind, or to other society.

—Go to Miss. B——'s-soiree, and you will find Elliott there, while his wife remains at home, or sits silent in a ball room, as you see her to-night. He would take her with him, but she finds no pleasure there, for the conversation is such as she cannot engage in on equal terms. And perhaps her husband is quite as well satisfied that she will not go, because he might be ashamed of her. He might, indeed, remain at home with her, but, if so, he would be sure to take up a book. Sometimes the idle pursuit of life of his wife arouses him when he returns home from the course, after his intellect has been on the stress of some important days; but he would not have happen, and he is so often excused as he is pleased by her entreaties. His plays well; that his wife encourages—he has no heart for music; and can rarely give that expression to a piece which his more imaginative husband demands. Her fondness for him is more than a match for his genius love, for she can see no sign of

to Charlotte. She at once caught at the proposition and urged it with all her eloquence.

"But, my dear Charlotte," said Volney, "what will the world say to my appearing in public as a singer? What will our relatives say? Will they not charge me with disgracing the family?"

"If you fail," relied his wife, "they will do so most undoubtedly. But success consecrates even crimes. How much more then will it consecrate a really honorable action! Suppose an event, which I neither anticipate nor desire—suppose, that you should by this step recover your fortune, do you not believe that you would whistle your fashionable trencher friends about you again, even as the huntsman whistles his hounds?"

"Right, my dear Charlotte; but is there not something at war with the nice feelings of a gentleman in this public exhibition of one's powers?"

"The world may have attached a prejudice to it—but looking at the matter independently and unconventionally, why should the public singer feel himself degraded any more than the public orator, the public advocate, the public preacher? Do they not all exhibit their powers publicly for pay? Are they not all as amenable to public criticism? Nay, are they not often compelled to truckle to the narrow creeds, political or sectarian, of their audiences, in opposition to their own more liberal and enlightened views?"

"You have prevailed, Charlotte. I try my fortune at the great concert at the City Hotel, next Wednesday."

Volney's success was sufficiently encouraging to induce him to persevere independently in the career, for which his tastes and past studies had so well fitted him. His labors were often arduous and exhausting, but he derived from them all he had hoped, an income sufficient for his wants. As he had anticipated, his good friends and relatives were greatly scandalized by the step. Although they would not collectively have subscribed sixpence to save him from the alms-house, they seemed to feel themselves authorised to talk indignantly, as if he had aggrieved them personally by his efforts to procure by the exercise of his talents an honest living. They resolved to cut both him and Charlotte henceforward, when they might meet in the street. There was one exception in Mr. Sneely, Volney's step-father, who said: "You have done just what you ought to, Vol, my dear boy. Anything for an honest living, say I. Don't mind what the old maids say about it. Be sure, that no crime you can commit is so great in their eyes as that of poverty. And you can any time get absolution from them for any offences you may commit by appearing in Broadway in your own coach."

Perhaps Mr. Sneely's remarks were not wholly disinterested, for he had feared that Volney would have been obliged to fall back upon his mother for the wherewithal to subsist.

Three years fleeted by, and no intelligence had been received of Mr. Queer since his mysterious and abrupt disappearance. On a mild starry evening in May, Volney and his wife, with a few friends, were seated in their neat but plainly furnished parlor, to hear the tones of a new piano, which had been recently purchased and conveyed home. There were the Messingers, the old man included, who in his yellow gloves and miraculously preserved blue coat, complimented the ladies, and cried "bravo," after every song. And then there was the little deformed woman, Miss Twillett, who seemed to be quite at home and on familiar terms with every body. A Mr. Winwell, a young lawyer without clients, whose sole revenue was his "good spirits," seemed desirous of persuading Mary Messinger to share with him his poverty.

Occasionally Charlotte would flit out of the room, be absent three or four minutes and then re-appear. It was to watch over the slumbers of a miniature Charlotte, who was sleeping in the adjoining room.

Volney and Susan Messinger had just completed a duet, and the father of the latter was ejaculating "bravo," as he had been wont to do at the opera in Paris, some years before the restoration of the Bourbons—when the door was thrown open, and in walked Mr. Queer, looking as bold and self-possessed, as if he had never been guilty of a defalcation in his life. On he walked into the middle of the room, and then pounding the floor emphatically with his cane, took off his hat and exclaimed: "Good people all, I am your very humble servant."

"Mr. Queer! Is it possible!" cried Charlotte.

"Yes, my dear little woman. Your old guardian has come back. Can you forgive him for running away with your fortune?"

"With all my heart," replied Charlotte; and then checking herself, she looked inquiringly at her husband.

The frown, which had been gradually gathering on his brow, vanished at once, as taking his hand, she asked: "Will you not forgive Mr. Queer? Could all the money he robbed us of have bought the happiness we now enjoy?"

"You are right, Charlotte," returned Volney; and then turning to Mr. Queer, he raised his finger, and said: "Ah, you old rogue! You may not find the law so forgiving as we are. I shall feel it my duty to have you arrested if you remain longer in this place."

"Humph!" said Mr. Queer, looking round upon the company assembled. "Good, honest looking people these—they haven't come to pick your pockets, Volney, I'll be sworn. Couldn't say as much for the men and women you used to have at your house, when you gave your fine dinners and balls—allow me to shake hands with you, Miss—young man, I am happy to make your acquaintance—your servant, sir."

And in this way, while Charlotte and her husband stood petrified with astonishment at his assurance, Mr. Queer went round the whole circle, shaking hands with all, not forgetting Mr. Messinger, last though not least.

"And now, Charlotte, let me see the little new comer. Does she look like you, you pretty rogue?"

There was an air of authority about Mr. Queer, which was irresistible; and Charlotte led the way through the folding doors to the crib, where her infant daughter lay nestled.

"Charming! Shall I wake her if I kiss her? Perhaps not;" said Mr. Queer, and bending over he gently kissed the little sleeper.

Volney began to chafe. To think that old Queer after treating him and his wife so atrociously should have the audacity to visit them, and behave in this manner, was insupportable. He was about to break forth, and threaten him with an immediate arrest, when the old gentleman led the way back into the parlor, and taking a seat, dropped his hat and cane upon the floor, and rubbing his hands, said—

"Well, this is what I call comfort. But Volney, before you explode in a passion, hear what I have to say. I have come to surrender to you the whole of your wife's fortune, in the full persuasion that you are now able to manage it, and spend the income with moderation and judgment. And a nice round sum it all amounts to, I can tell you. Why, lad, the property with which you embarked upon matrimony wouldn't make a tenth part of it. Don't interrupt me, but hear me out patiently. Your house with all the furniture, precisely as it existed in the heyday of your extravagant career, is at your service. Here is the key. Take it, sir—but don't speak yet. I saw you entering upon a career of profusion, which would soon have brought you to the end of any fortune, however princely. Surrounded by false friends and adroit parasites, you and Charlotte believed that you were worshipped for the qualities of your heart and head, when you were courted merely on account of your fine house and your loaded table. I resolved to give you an opportunity of testing the genuineness of those dear friends—of winnowing the grain from the chaff. The grain is, I presume, before me. Cherish it, Volney; but let the winds take care of the chaff. As for myself, I have passed the last three years in Paris, but have been constantly in communication with persons who have kept me apprised of every event, however trifling, in your history and that of my ward. Come to my house to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and I will hand you over a little tin box, in which you will find some papers that may interest you. Oblige me by not saying a single word more at present than 'good night.' If it is agreeable to the company, I propose that we all meet at your house in —— Place, to-morrow evening."

"Agreed!" cried Mr. Messinger.

"Sir, I have a high respect for you," said Mr. Queer, again shaking hands with his venerable coeval. "And now, good night all."

"Good night!" was the general response.

Many notable incidents followed in the train of this denouement. Old Mr. Messinger and Mr. Queer became great friends from the fact that both were admirable chess-players. Having a large house, and no longer a wife to keep it in order, Mr. Queer insisted upon having Mary to preside over his household, assigning rooms to the whole family, not forgetting the chess-player. Mr. Winwell's prospects have materially brightened since this project has been carried into effect, and some law business, given to him by Mr. Queer, has been the means of introducing him to a lucrative practice. He is now daily inquiring of Mary—"Why defer the happy day?"

As for Volney and Charlotte, they have not forgotten the experience they have had of "one of the world's little ways." The week after they had moved into their old mansion, a tortoise-shell box upon the centre-table was found heaped with the freshly left cards of all their former dear friends and relatives, who had again flocked to them like obscene birds to their banquet. Volney emptied the whole pile into the grate. A letter was also received from Miss Auburn, in which the writer pretended not to have heard of the good fortune of her "dear Charlotte," but expressed an intention of visiting her soon.

"Charlotte, my dear," said Volney, as with a scornful smile he sent the letter after the cards, "we will be happy in spite of our wealth, will we not?"

"Yes," replied Charlotte, "as happy as we were in our second floor lodgings."

Typhus Fever.—It cannot be too widely known that nitrous acid gas possesses the property of destroying the contagion of the typhus fever, and certainly preventing its spread. By the following simple method, the gas may be procured at a trifling expense: Place a little saltpetre in a saucer, and pour on it as much oil of vitriol as will just cover it; a copious discharge of acid gas will instantly take place, the quantity of which may be regulated by lessening or increasing the quantity of the ingredients.

A Strong Temperance Argument.—It is said that of all those who have been engaged in making and vending intoxicating drinks, in the State of New York, for forty-nine years, nine-tenths have become insolvent, and that two-thirds of them were intemperate.

☞ A German emigrant, named Woolley, was robbed at Albany, last week, of twenty-two hundred five franc pieces—his all.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Saturday Morning, June 10, 1843.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Persons having United States Bank Notes on hand, may by sending ten dollars, *post paid*, to this office, receive four copies of the United States Saturday Post one year, or three copies of Graham's Magazine, or four of Peterson's National Magazine (World and Artist united.)

☞ Mr. J. F. Easton, Collector for this paper (United States Saturday Post) and Graham's Magazine, resides at No. 64 North Fourth street, St. Louis, Missouri.

☞ WILLIAM ADAMS is still our agent to collect bills for the United States Saturday Post and Chronicle, and for Graham's Magazine in the City and County of Philadelphia. 3t

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but *now* we urge payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $2, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of James' new novel, "FOREST LIFE," *gratis.*

For $5, three copies of United States Saturday Post and Arthur's new novel, "FANNY DALE."

For $10, seven copies of United States Saturday Post and either of the novels.

For $20, seventeen copies of United States Saturday Post and both novels.

For $5, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's World.

For $10, three copies of United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Lady's World.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage.

Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion, and have good reading gratis; and any subscriber, by sending $2 in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The foreign news will be found, this week, extended rather more than is our wont; but a glance at the leading topic under that department will show that it possesses more than ordinary interest. Some of our newspaper contemporaries, we notice, are quite confident in the belief that a bloody crisis is about to terminate the struggle, for the present, at least; but we confess that we do not hold that opinion. Speeches at public meetings, and speeches in legislatures, are in all countries apt to run considerably ahead of the actual danger of anticipated evils. But in these very speeches we find in this case, the indication that matters are quite far, as yet, from the danger of actual collision between the people and the soldiery. The reader will notice in Mr. O'Connell's remarks, a partial key, we think, to the great Agitators immediate purpose. He wishes to get up, at the time of the Queen's visit to Ireland, a demonstration of that fervent loyalty which the sex of the sovereign would call without prompting from the true sons of Erin, ever memorable as they have been for genuine heart-felt gallantry to woman—the only idolatry which is at all tolerable. With this view he will take very good care, so far as his influence goes, and it is immense, that the Island shall not be thrown into such a state of confusion as to delay the royal visit. And, at the same time that the people show their attachment and loyalty to the Queen, it is intended that they shall assail the royal ear, with unmistakeable demands for "repeal." The Queen's visit, then, or her declining to visit will alike postpone violence, if not remove the danger of it altogether. Should she go to Ireland, O'Connell will find her a more powerful "Agitator" against him than he has ever encountered; should she decide, or her ministers for her determine that she must not go, the great occasion for which this preparation for agitation is made, will have passed; and in either case "Bobby Peel," as Mr. O'Connell styles him, is trimmer enough to effect some manner of compromise, settlement, or indefinite postponement.

The Duke of Wellington, an old war-dog may be serious in his threats. The Premier, a most skilful manager has no intention that any blood shall be shed. This, we judge, not only from the character of the man, but from pretty good corroborative indices. If a civil war were really pending in Ireland, we should see an actual commotion on 'change where we now observe no fluttering beyond what might be occasioned by the non-arrival of a French mail. And then again it will be observed that in some of the repeal speeches, the orators declare their opinion that there will be no opportunity for an acceleration of the repeal movement by any ministerial violence by any possibility avoidable. There is not in prose or verse a more undeniable truth than that—

"—— Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won."

"Ninety-Eight!" is a mighty watch-word in Ireland now. Sir Robert Peel will take care that "Forty-Three!" be not added to it; for with such a sign and countersign, revolution in Ireland would be insured, and it might happen within the present generation.

So much for matters abroad. At home we are on the threshold of a very peaceable and rather formal excitation. The President of the United States is on his way to the East, and at every step of his progress the proper respect is shown to the Chief Magistrate of the Union. There is, we think, very little danger that, in any part of the country, this respect will degenerate or sublimate (which is the word?) into man worship. As a Virginian, Mr. Tyler has a prescriptive right to political "abstraction;" and as an individual we fancy that he will find the President more honored "in the abstract," than Mr. Tyler in person. It is due to our love of country, however, to treat him with all possible proper consideration, and, uncommitted to party as the Post is, we may add that it is also due to the man. He has found hitherto few of the roses of office, and abundance of the thorns; and if the electricity of a Presidential march can quicken a few bays, or other greens in his path, it will be much pleasanter for all concerned.

In another part of this day's paper will be found rather a singular weather-record for the beginning of Summer—frost and snow. Winter would appear to have lingered so long in the lap of May, as to have become frozen into the unseasonable seat; but at this present writing there does seem hope that the weather is at last "thawed out." A ready solution would have been found for all this a hundred years ago, in "that comet," and in the other just announced by M. Arago. It is queer, is it not, that while we scout these old superstitions, such awkward half confirmations of them will occur? Do not imagine, gentle reader, that in this enlightened age, when Herschell won't permit the moon even, to affect the weather, that we are about to maintain any obsolete heterodoxy relative to the comets. But when that comet did strike the sun, as by concurrent, but not collusive testimony astronomical corroborated, did or did not the vagabond planet or conglomeration of base put out a portion of the fire? If you cannot settle that question, resolve this other: If moon, star nor comet have nothing to do with it, why *will* "some beans bail so?" We pause for a reply until the next frost—and that may be next week.

Mr. Jone's Narrative, it will be perceived, makes "upwards of considerable" progress this week. The young gentleman has at last got fairly launched clear of Hardscrabble, and we for one, are ready to wish him joy thereof. In addition to this continuous original tale, we bespeak the reader's attention to another, complete, written by an old friend and favorite of the readers of the Post.—The Requiem, by a boy of twelve, upon our first page, would do no discredit to a man of thirty—and, apropos of boys, this is a good place to bear testimony to the excellent character, and superior advantages of the Philadelphia High School. To obtain access to this, more proficiency in elementary branches is required than the fathers of this generation of boys could usually carry away from the public schools, after they had exhausted all that those institutions offered in those days. The diligent student when he leaves the High School to enter life as a clerk or an apprentice, has a more practical and thorough education than all college graduates enter upon the study of a profession with; and the young man who leaves the institution to enter an University, goes there under much greater advantages than is usual with those who "prepare" at private or incorporated institutions. Well may Philadelphians be proud of their school-system—for they have had already occasion for honest pride in the men educated under it.

There are many other subjects which it would come within our scope to glance at in this dish of varieties: but as it is already, perhaps longer than the reader may desire, we desist; referring him to the news columns proper, where the trial has been made to treat of all current subjects of news and fancy.

P. S. Two swallows do not make a Summer. Do not, therefore, take down your anthracite stove 'till you hear from us again, even if the ice-man has mustered sufficient confidence to give you your Summer's daily dole. Embellish the grate with evergreens; but do not make the grate-mistake of putting the grate-full consolation of glowing coal out of your reach at present. A flame-colored edict. Respect this.

GREAT FIRES.

The newspapers of the current week bring us accounts of several destructive fires, which have occurred in different parts of the country. First in the list is a fire at Tallahassee, Florida, on the 25th ult., which destroyed every business place, including the post-office, in the town. It commenced in the back buildings of Washington Hall, and extended on both sides of the main street to the Court House; every store in the city was destroyed. Two printing offices, the Sentinel and Floridian were burnt out. It is supposed that there is at least two hundred and fifty buildings with most of their contents, destroyed. It was impossible to save many of the goods in the stores, the fire made such rapid progress, and those that were saved were mostly in a damaged state. Several buildings were blown up, and two or three negroes lost their lives. The loss is estimated at $300,000. There had been no rain for six weeks, in consequence of which the buildings had become so dry that they burned like tinder. Under these gloomy circumstances, the citizens of Tallahassee have held a public meeting, since the fire which destroyed every place of business in the town, and an *Address to the People of the United States* was prepared and read, asking the aid of the various cities and towns in the Union to re-build the place and re-establish its business. There were eighty-nine stores and houses, the theatre of active mercantile and manufacturing industry, which were entirely consumed, and the value of which is estimated at half a million of dollars. Goods, furniture, &c., at $150,000 more. The merchants and agents of a commerce that has exceeded two and a half millions of dollars in the year were, by this sudden blow deprived of their stores, warehouses, and unsold goods, and the artisans of their tools. But $20,000 of this loss is insured. Under their afflictions, they ask for aid from the citizens of other cities, which, we have no doubt, will be fully extended to them.

In Buffalo, on Thursday of last week, a fire broke out in the boiler manufactory of John Newman, which consumed all the buildings on both sides of that street, between Main and Prime streets, to the brick block on the corner, including the old Steamboat Hotel. About twenty tenements in all were destroyed, mostly of wood, and very old.

The large warehouse of Joseph Hunter & Son, of Columbus, Ohio, was totally destroyed by fire on the morning of Tuesday of last week. Loss about $20,000.

One of the largest fires which ever occurred at Oswego, took place there on Thursday of last week. Among the sufferers were—Wm. Sisson, machinist, Edwin Goodell, chair maker, Darius R. Bellows, John Worlock, blacksmith, Q. Rust, blacksmith, R. C. & S. N. Kenyon. During the fire, the wind blew very hard from the west, blowing firebrands and live coals over the most dense part of the village. The flouring mills of Messrs. R. C. & S. N. Kenyon, the storehouse and store of Messrs. Wocott & Coates, the store of Messrs. Dutton and Livingston, the store of Messrs. Tucker & Gardner, the brick block of G. F. Falley, the Post Office, Fulton House, the Saw Mill of Jonathan Case, the Universalist Church, and 15 or 20 other buildings were all on fire at the same time.

On Thursday morning of last week a very destructive fire occurred at Taunton, Mass., commencing in the dry goods store of John O. Burt, and spreading until all the buildings on the south side of Main street, between Brewer's Block and the Custom House (opposite the Taunton Bank) were consumed, or destroyed to prevent the further ravages of the fire. Ten buildings were reduced to ruins and prostrate in about five hours. Loss estimated at about $30,000—two thirds of which is insured.

A fire broke out in the village of Frankfort, Herkimer county, last week. Mr. Clowes' scythe and cradle factory, a wagon shop, a store and two dwelling houses, were destroyed.

THE GODFREY MONUMENT.

As briefly noticed in our paper of June 3d, the ceremony of erecting a monument to Thomas Godfrey, at the Laurel Hill Cemetery, took place on Thursday week. The monument is placed upon a slight mound, at the head of the main avenue, to the left of the principal entrance to the cemetery. The appearance of the memorial, a truncated pyramid, is simple and chaste, and the ornaments upon it are exceedingly appropriate. On the east side of the shaft, in a medallion, is a Quadrant; and on the west side, also in a medallion, a ship in full sail, both beautifully executed in *basso relievo*. On the east side of the base is the inscription—"Godfrey: Palmam qui meruit ferat;" on the south side—"Thomas Godfrey, inventor of the Mariner's Quadrant, a citizen of Philadelphia. Born 1704—Died 1749;" on the west—"His invention has conferred enduring benefit upon the Marine and Commerce of the world;" and on the north—"Erected A. D. 1843, by the Mercantile Library Company of Philadelphia, aided by citizens of Philadelphia and Germantown."

The orator, Governeur Emerson, Esq., made a most able vindication of the right of Godfrey to the honor of the invention which bears, unjustly, the name of another; and his address was listened to with deep attention. Mr. Emerson opened with an appropriate remark upon the difference between this and ordinary occasions, when a crowd of weeping relatives and friends assemble to consign to earth the remains of the recently departed. Thomas Godfrey had long since passed away, and it was under the prompting of a sense of duty that they had come forward to deposite a stone in honor and in justice to the memory of him who had done good service to man, and especially to the merchant, in the invention of an instrument which equalled the Compass in value. A brief review of the life of Godfrey, in connexion with his invention of the Quadrant, and his endeavors to get it before the public, followed; and honorable mention was made of several citizens of Philadelphia who had assisted him, and given evidence of the originality of his invention, among whom the celebrated James Logan, the companion of William Penn, stood foremost. The manner of Hadley's acquiring a knowledge of the instrument by means of information communicated by a sea captain, who had seen it at Jamaica, in the West Indies, and his subsequent conduct, were told with much effect.

The remains of Godfrey were removed from Germantown to Laurel Hill in 1838, at the charge of Mr. John F. Watson, well known as the annalist of Philadelphia. The good work which individual reverence so well commenced, has been worthily consummated by the Library Company; and the monument, while it stands, will be a testimony alike to the memory of Godfrey, and to the enlightened character of the members of the association who had the justice to appreciate, and the public spirit to commemorate the merits of the inventor of the Quadrant.

AMERICAN ARTISTS.

At the dinner of the Royal Academy at the opening of this year's exhibition, Mr. Everett, our Minister at London, made a speech on behalf of the Diplomatic Corps present, which we give below. Mr. Leslie, the Philadelphian to whom he alludes, has several pictures in the exhibition, which are considered among the highest ornaments. Among them are, a large picture of the Queen receiving the sacrament at the Coronation, one representing the scene in the Vicar of Wakefield where the five ladies come to see the Vicar's family—a scene from Molliere's "Malade Imaginare," and several portraits.

Sir Martin Archer Shee and Gentlemen:

I rise, at the request of my respected colleagues of the diplomatic body, to make our joint acknowledgments for the toast just proposed. I beg to assure you, Sir, on their behalf, and on my own, that we esteem it one of the most agreeable privileges of our position, that it procures us, by your courtesy, the gratification of partaking the annual hospitality of the Royal Academy, on this most interesting occasion. It is in fact, Sir, not an unnatural view to take of the delightful art to which the Royal Academy is devoted, to regard it as a sort of language common to all the cultivated families into which the human race is divided, and expressing a dialect equally intelligible to all nations, some of the finest conceptions of the human mind. In this respect, it has an advantage over the sister arts of eloquence and poetry; which, however superior in range of subject, precision, and flexibility, must certainly yield to the art of painting in universality of comprehension. This idea has been beautifully expanded by a great master (Dryden) of one of the arts alluded to, in his address to Sir Godfrey Kneller:—

But poets are confined in a narrow space,
To speak the language of their native place.
The painter widely stretches his command—
Thy pencil speaks the tongue of every land.

Yes, Sir, though there are no two of the Diplomatic *corps* now present, on whose behalf I have the honor to address you, who speak the same language as their native tongue, the beautiful works which adorn these walls, the product of English taste and skill during the past season, addresses each one of us in an idiom that needs no interpretation.

Before I take my seat you will pardon me; and my respected colleagues will bear with me; if I say a single word as the American Minister. In that capacity I cannot but have the highest satisfaction in reminding you, Sir, of my countrymen, living and departed, who have filled, and still occupy a distinguished place among your associates or fellow laborers. I might with propriety allude to the venerable artist (Mr. West) who so long presided over the Royal Academy; and when I repeat the names of Copley, of Stuart, of his nephew Newton among the deceased, and of Alston, and I must be permitted to add of Leslie (to whose pencil the present exhibition is so highly indebted) among the living, I am sure I have said enough to vindicate my countrymen the honor of having contributed their share of the talent, taste, and success with which the art of painting has been cultivated under your auspices. I rejoice that on the neutral ground of this delightful art, the citizens of the two countries have entered into an emulation so honorable and improving, and I fervently hope they may never be engaged in any less auspicious struggle.

I beg leave, Mr. President and Gentlemen, to renew the thanks of the Diplomatic corps for your hospitable reception, and to express our best wishes for the prosperity of the Royal Academy, and the progress of British Art.

RATHER SHARP.

We find in the London papers the annexed petition. The memorialist, Dean of St. Paul, is widely known as one of the most eccentric and witty men of the age.

The humble petition of the Rev. Sydney Smith, to the House of Congress at Washington.

I petition your honorable house to institute some measures for the restoration of American credit, and for the repayment of debts incurred and repudiated by several of the States. Your petitioner lent to the State of Pennsylvania a sum of money, for the purpose of some public improvement. The amount, though small, is to him important, and is a saving from a life income, made with difficulty and privation.

If their refusal to pay (from which a very large number of English families are suffering) had been the result of war, produced by the unjust aggression of powerful enemies; if it had arisen from civil discord; if it had proceeded from an improvident application of means in the first years of self-government; if it were the act of a poor State struggling against the barrenness of nature—every friend of America would have been contented to wait for better times; but the fraud is committed in the profound peace of Pennsylvania, by the richest State in the Union, after the wise investment of the borrowed money in roads and canals, of which the repudiators are every day reaping the advantage. It is an act of bad faith which (all its circumstances considered) has no parallel, and no excuse.

Nor is it only the loss of property which your petitioner laments: he laments still more that immense power which the bad faith of America has given to aristocratical opinions, and to the enemies of free institutions in the old world. It is in vain any longer to appeal to history, and to point out the wrongs which the many have received from the few. The Americans, who boast to have improved the institutions of the old world, have at least equalled its crime. A great nation, after trampling under foot all earthly tyranny, has been guilty of a fraud as enormous as ever disgraced the worst king of the most degraded nation of Europe.

It is most painful to your petitioner to see that American citizens excite, wherever they may go, the recollection that they belong to a dishonest people who pride themselves on having tricked and pillaged Europe; and this mark is fixed, by their faithless legislators, on some of the best and most honorable men in the world, whom every Englishman has been eager to see and proud to receive.

It is a subject of serious concern to your petitioner that you are losing all that power which the friends of freedom rejoiced that you possessed, looking upon you as the ark of human happiness, and the most splendid picture of justice and of wisdom that the world had yet seen. Little did the friends of America expect it, and sad is the spectacle, to see you rejected by every state in Europe, as a nation with whom no contract can be made, because none will be kept; unstable in the very foundations of social life, deficient in the elements of good faith, men who prefer any load of infamy, however great, to any pressure of taxation, however light.

Nor is it only this gigantic bankruptcy for so many degrees of longitude and latitude which your petitioner deplores, but he is alarmed also by that total want of shame with which these things have been done, the callous immorality with which Europe has been plundered, that deadness of the moral sense which seems to preclude all return to honesty, to perpetuate this new infamy, and to threaten its extension over every State of the Union.

To any man of real philanthropy, who receives pleasure from the improvements of the world, the repudiation of the public debts of America, and the shameless manner in which it has been talked of and done, is the most melancholy event which has happened during the existence of the present generation. Your petitioner sincerely prays that the great and good men still existing among you may, by teaching to the United States the deep disgrace they have incurred in the whole world, restore them to moral health, to that high position they have lost, and which, for the happiness of mankind, it is so important they should ever maintain; for the United States are now working out the greatest of all political problems, and upon that confederacy the eyes of thinking men are intensely fixed, to see how far the mass of mankind can be trusted with the management of their own affairs, and the establishment of their own happiness.

TEXAS AND MEXICO.

Since our last, there has been received from these countries quite a variety of news. The first and most agreeable item is the payment of the first instalment of the Mexican indemnity to the citizens of the United States, $270,000, shipped on board the Dolphin. Other intelligence from the interior of Mexico there is little, except some new proclamations, still claiming Texas, and declaring that all settlers found there will be treated as rebels, and all consuls as neutrals.

The New Orleans Tropic, has a rumor which, as yet, wants confirmation, that a draft drawn by the Mexican Government in favor of Sam Houston, President of Texas, for twenty-five thousand dollars, has been paid at the counter of one of the most prominent commercial houses in New Orleans. This will probably be resolved down into altogether another matter, perhaps entirely disproved.

The Mobile Advertiser, states that a letter has been received from a man, known to have been on board the Texan schooner Antonio, which strengthens the belief that the Antonio is the Pirate which is hovering on the Southern shores of Cuba. Possible this, but hardly probable.

Commodore Moore had had one or two brushes with the Mexican steamers, the most important of which was on the 15th of May. Com. Moore engaged the Montezuma, and the brig Wharton the iron steamer, Guadaloupe. The account given by one of the officers of the Wharton, which, of course, is the most favorable to their own doings, says after two hours' fighting, the steamer occasionally hauling off to repair damages, or probably to try and get at such a distance as would be too great for the Texan shot, and then returning,—the action became general, and continued so until three o'clock in the afternoon, the two steamers directing more of their attention to the Commodore than to the brig. The action appears to have resulted in nothing of consequence, both parties seeming to be satisfied with the amount of fighting for that day. The account, above quoted, says the Commodore's vessel had two killed and twenty-five wounded; among the latter is Lieut. Wilbur and Midshipman Bryant. The loss of the Mexicans is not known, but is "supposed" to be sixty. We might as well "suppose" a hundred and sixty while about it. On shore, the two parties were blazing away at each other.

In Texas, Dr. James B. Miller has been appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and his accession to office, from his high character, is hailed as a harbinger of financial reform. A public meeting was held at Galveston on the 20th ultimo, at which the Hon. Jno. M. Allen, Mayor of the city presided, and a series of resolutions were adopted, applauding in highest terms, the conduct of Commodore Moore, his officers and men, off Yucatan. The resolutions likewise approve the conduct of Col. Morgan, in giving his avowed sanction to the naval expedition.

COUNT D'ORSAY.

There is a rumor in the London papers that this prince of dandies, instead of going from London to America went to Scotland to be shot. The story was, that a duel had been fought with rifles, on Lord Stormont's estate, near Loch Ness, in the Glamorgan marches, Scotland, and that Count D'Orsay, one of the principals, had fallen.

THE RARITAN FRIGATE.

It is stated that the Frigate Raritan is to be lauched from the Navy Yard in this city, on Tuesday of next week, (June 13th.) It has been pronounced unnecessary to remove her copper. The President will be present at the launch.

AMERICAN BOOKS ABROAD.

In noticing the Peter Parley works, the Westminster Review favorably treated them; but having under notice an English edition of the books, quoted and objected to certain "Americanisms." The cream of the joke is that all these Americanisms were interpolations in the English, and never appeared in the American work. But what we intended to introduce in this connexion is the following, from the London Book Circular of Wiley & Putnam:

But "Who read an American book?"—*Edinburgh Review*, (old No.) A good many do so, without being themselves aware of it. The case of "the oldest" London Review appreciating the articles of the "North American" well enough to appropriate some of them entire *as original, accidentally* omitting to mention their origin, is not a solitary one. American periodicals have contributed "considerably" to some of those in England, in mutual innocent unconsciousness. Some few American writers would scarcely recognise their own offspring under their new names and foreign dress; and authors are apt to take some pride in their bantlings, whether clever or otherwise. Who, in looking over a list of titles, would suppose that "Quebec and New York, or the Three Beauties," was the same as "Burton, or the Sieges;" and "Cortes, or the Fall of Mexico," a reprint of the "Infidel;" that "The Last Days of Aurelian" is no other than Mr. Ware's "Probus, or Rome in the Third Century;" and "Montacute" only a new title for "A New Home;" that Mr. Muzzey's "Young Maiden" and "Young Wife" are *translated* into "The *English* Maiden" and "The *English* Wife!" Mr. Sparks's "Life of Ledyard, the *American* Traveler," is only made more attractive as "The Memoirs of Ledyard, the *African* Traveler," (anon); and two volumes of his "Writings of Washington," in twelve volumes, are reprinted with the original title, and apparently as if complete. Dr. Harris's "Natural History of the Bible," Bancroft's translation of Heeren's Politics of Greece, Mr. Everett's translation of Butman's Greek Grammar, were all reprinted and sold as English books. Judge Story's "Law of Bailments" was "chopped into fragments," and appended here and there, by Mr. Theobald, in his notes on Sir William Jones. These are a few specimens; in most of them the preface, etc., is sufficiently altered to conceal their origin, and in several the author's name is suppressed. One more may be mentioned: Mr. Neal, of Philadelphia, published, about 1839, a volume called "Charcoal Sketches," with illustrations; his name appended in full. This volume appears entire, plates and all, in the *middle* of "Pic Nic Papers, etc., edited by C. Dickens, Esq.," 3 volumes, London, 1841. Mr. Neal, no doubt, would have been proud of his company, if his patron had not introduced him as a *nameless* person! "A volume has been appended, (to make the orthodox *three*) from an American source," says the editor, but not a syllable about the name, either of author or book!

LATE FROST.

On the night of Thursday the 1st of June, (Summer!) there appears to have been a frost in almost every direction. From Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and other New England States we have intelligence of frost on that night; in many places so severe as to injure tender vegetation especially. In Rochester, N. Y., on the morning of the same day they had a slight fall of snow; and in Baltimore and in this city, there was a slight snow squall at about six A. M. In some parts of Massachusetts ice was found in the morning. The New York and Jersey papers say that Bush beans, Lima beans, cucumbers, egg plants, and tomatoes were killed, unless in sheltered places, and even the potato-tops were much cut. The fruit is generally too far advanced to be injured.

In some parts of this State the frost on the first of the present month, has killed the corn. Some of the farmers, as we learn, were ploughing it up on Saturday. The tops of the growing potatoes, for one or two inches, are "bitten" black. Beans and peas have also suffered. Reading, Pottsville, and other interior points make the same report. We have, so far, heard of no frost south of Washington.

Upon looking back, we find that in 1816 there was a frost every month during the year. We have now entered the sixth month of this year, and have so far imitated 1816. In 1825 there was frost in June. In the middle of May, last year, there was a heavy frost which killed the fruit. But this is the only year in eighteen years, in which there has been a heavy frost in June. The fact of the snow fall, last week, however slight, recalls the well known prophecy of Lorenzo Dow, who a number of years since, said that in 1843, there would be no King in England,—no President in the United States,—and snow in June. Every item of this "guess" by a little straining can be made to appear; but then it involves a "con-sti-too-tional question." Little Vic is no King, is John Tyler President, or Mr. Tyler, Vice President, acting, &c.!

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We mentioned some weeks since that the Sandwich Islands had been seized by the British. Subsequent accounts have been received which make the transaction more intelligible. It appears that the commander of H. B. M. ship Carysfort made certain demands upon the Sandwich Island government, in relation to injuries alleged to have been suffered by British residents, and that the demand was coupled with others which would embarrass and enfeeble the government; and furthermore, that the demands were coupled with a threat of attack in case of refusal. Under these circumstances the king surrendered the Islands to the British commander personally, until the matter can be adjusted by representations made to the British government direct. The English flag was then hoisted, and the American and French Consuls were notified that they could not act until they shall be recognized by the British government. The king made a lengthy and formal protest against this procedure, which has been transmitted to Washington by a special express who arrived in the Architect. Express couriers had also arrived at Vera Cruz for England, to proceed via Havana and the United States.

The French Consul having experienced an indignity at the hands of the British commander, had sent an express to Admiral Dupier, commanding at the Marquesas group, stating the capture of the Sandwich Islands by the British, and the indignity which had been offered through him to the French Government. The presence of the Admiral, backed by one or two French frigates, was very shortly expected.

In reference to this subject the Journal of Commerce, good authority, says:—"We have authority which we deem unquestionable for the fact that England and France, as well as the United States, have recognized the independence of the Sandwich Islands. The late capture of them must, therefore, be a thing to be taken back as fast as possible.

THE DELAWARE DIVISION.

The attempt to dispose of the property of the State of Pennsylvania in the Delaware Division of Pennsylvania has resulted in a failure. The imputed cause of that failure was the spirit of riot evinced among the contenders for stock, and the hired rough-scramblers who beset the unfortunate Commissioners at the Exchange. The specimens of push, pull, elbow and scratch exhibited on the first morning upon which the books were opened, and upon subsequent days when it was supposed they would be opened, were perfectly terrific and astounding to such as had never before witnessed such an operation.

The Commissioners to receive subscriptions under the act, opened the books on Thursday, June 1st, but closed them after a few subscriptions were entered, on account of the tumult. On Thursday afternoon they had a meeting, and also two meetings on Friday, at which several resolutions were proposed, discussed, and rejected. Among them was one that the Commissioners should subscribe for the stock, put it up at auction, and pay over the whole proceeds, expenses deducted, to the State. Another was to re-open the books on the Wednesday following, at the Merchant's Hotel. Another proposed to open them at Easton; and this was passed, reconsidered and rejected. Another was to sell the stock at auction, for the benefit of the State. A resolution was passed by which the Commissioners adjourn till at the next session of the Legislature some mode be devised to get out of the difficulty, and a committee of three appointed to prepare an address to the Legislature, suggesting the enactment of a law by which the stock may be peaceably disposed of, and in such a manner as to secure the State a more adequate compensation than the mode prescribed by the bill would permit.

MR. BRUNEL.

Our readers remember the accident which had nearly proved fatal to Mr. Brunel, the Thames Tunnel Engineer. Several attempts to remove the coin in his throat by surgical instruments, essays were made by placing the body of the patient in an inverted position, the last of which proved successful. He was placed on an apparatus, prepared for the purpose, his body inverted, and the back gently struck. After two or three coughs, he felt the coin quit its place, and in a few seconds, it dropt from his mouth.

HON. LEVI WOODBURY.

We learn that this gentleman is to deliver the anniversary oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Dartmouth College, at the next commencement. This manifestation of interest in the cause of education does the statesman high honor.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

This literary and scientific institution, which is to receive the benefit of the Smithsonian bequest, would seem to be in a position to avail itself to the utmost of that fund. There are in correspondence with it one hundred and twenty Americans, and one hundred and seventy from foreign societies, and it has about eight hundred corresponding members. There are three hundred resident members, and if to these be added the Governors of States and the Diplomatic and Consular Representatives of the United States, (who are *ex-officio* members,) the correspondents of the Institute may be reckoned at upwards of fifteen hundred, of whom a large majority have, by words and actions, evinced their approbation (and continue to evince it) of the great and national objects of the Institute.

Among recent donations we observe that Samuel Wells, Esq., United States Consul at St. Catharines, Brazil, has presented to the National Institute at Washington, 156 specimens of Humming Birds, 143 specimens of various genera, birds; 3 bats, and 4000 specimens of insects.

Lewis R. Gibbes, Esq., of Charleston, has presented to the Institute 31 specimens of shells, and 68 specimens of plants.

Col. James B. Murray, of New York, has sent a miniature model of the Nelson Monument, at London.

William Arnold, M. D., President of the Literary and Philosophical Society, of Kingston, Jamaica, has presented to the Institute a copy of his Treatise on the Yellow Fever, "which is highly spoken of," says the American Consul at Kingston, who forwarded the work, "by all medical men in this part of the world, as also by Sir Jas. McGregor, the Physician General of the British army, and others."

DECIDED IMPROVEMENT.

We have examined a substitute for the "quoins" used in "locking forms," in printing offices, which substitute, we have no hesitation in predicting, will every where supplant the old tedious, noisy, and troublesome method of "locking up." It consists in the adaptation, to the quoin, *not* to the chase, of moveable screws which can be made of different sizes, are applicable to any form, and can be used with any chase or galley now made, without altering them in the least. The principle is the same as that of the Jack-screw, used in raising houses.

In locking up with this mode, the mallets, shooting-sticks, or bevelled side and foot-sticks are used, and the contrivance can be employed on a stone, or board having a smooth surface, without injury to either, and without making the least noise. Moreover, there is no moving or jarring of the form or chase on the stone, and the form *after* it is locked up requires no planing down, which will prevent great injury being done to the face of the type. Each screw, although small, is capable of yielding from five to fifteen hundred pounds pressure, and from four to six screws are sufficient to lock up with the utmost safety the *largest* forms. This can be accomplished with the greatest correctness, as the screws used being of the same size one can be turned the same distance as the other, even by the smallest boy in the office, and with the utmost ease and precision. The inventor is Mr. E. M. Meader, a practical printer, and he has given us an invention of immense practical utility, and withal, so simple that in that respect, as in others, it is an advance upon the old system. He has applied for a patent, and we heartily wish him success and emolument.

FUNERAL OF DR. WEBSTER.

The funeral of Dr. Webster, whose death we announced in our last, took place on Wednesday of last week, at New Haven. The services were performed by the Rev. Dr. Taylor and Rev. Mr. Dutton. The former gentleman pronounced the funeral address. The New Haven Palladium thus speaks of it:

It was a finished and able performance. The speaker glanced at some of the prominent events in the life of Dr. Webster to illustrate his exalted patriotism, his great purity of character, his wonderful industry and perseverance, and his love of and faith in God. No citizen's name, said the speaker, except that of the Father of his Country, has been more conspicuous and honorably before the country for a great number of years than that of Noah Webster. He had lived to a venerable age, and had been an actor in some of the most important scenes through which the country had passed since the time of the colonial dependence—he had ever been the fast friend of Washington, and in trying times was the defender of most of the great measures of that great man's administration. It is believed, said Dr. Taylor, that Dr. Webster wrote the first line ever penned in advocacy of the adoption of a National Constitution. The variety and extent of Dr. Webster's knowledge on all subjects were described in a manner the most graphic and interesting. He always had *something to do*. He was a foe to idleness in every form, and his literary recreation was but a change of useful employment, not a torpid repose. Lastly, he died as he lived—a confiding Christian—and his last words were "*I know in whom I have believed—and I have believed—and I depart without one* fear *or one wavering* doubt."

THE SEVENTEENTH.

On Saturday next, the seventeenth instant, will be celebrated the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, and the completion of the monument. The Committee of Arrangement have specially invited the President of the United States, the ex-Presidents of the United States, the members of the President's Cabinet, and the Governors of all the States, and that a *general* invitation is extended to the rest of their fellow-citizens. Bodies of military from all New England, from New York, and other States, will add military ceremony to the occasion; and the concourse of strangers in Boston will be unprecedented.

The orator of the day is Daniel Webster, who, it will be remembered, delivered the oration at the laying of the corner stone in 1825, nearly twenty years ago. The President of the United States, as our readers are aware, and the heads of the Departments will be among his auditory; and, we think, not a few of the Governors of the States. All sons of New England, who can, will report themselves on the spot; and all Americans who can so order their business, will aid in swelling the mighty multitude.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

A French lady was missing from the steamboat Worcester, which left New York on Tuesday week, for Boston. At Westport, on Thursday, the body of a women, answering the same description, was found on the beach. The Inquest Jury returned a verdict, that "she came to her death by reason of blows inflicted upon the head, by some person or persons unknown." There is little doubt that she came to her death by violence, and may have been thrown overboard from some vessel navigating the Sound. The lady went by the name of Madame Durand.

THE GRAMPUS.

We regret to find that the fears expressed in relation to the U. S. schooner Grampus, would appear to be but too well founded. The Madisonian of Saturday evening, states that no intelligence has been received at the proper department relative to the fate of this vessel, since her departure on or about the 20th of February last. Her cruising ground was along the coast between Cape Hatteras and the St. Johns, in Florida. Her orders were to return to Norfolk for supplies when she began to run out.

The opinion is gaining ground, that the Grampus has fallen into the hands of pirates.

THE PRESIDENT'S JOURNEY.

The order of the President's Journey to the East was arranged as follows: To leave Washington, and arrive in Baltimore on Wednesday, the 7th of June. To leave Baltimore and arrive in Philadelphia on Friday, the 9th. From this city he proceeds next week to New York and Boston; to be in the latter city on or before the seventeenth. The time at which we are compelled to go to press precludes notice here of his reception in this city.

EGGS—AS A REMEDY.

The white of an egg is said to be a specific for fish bones sticking in the throat. It is to be swallowed raw, and will carry down a bone very easily and certainly. There is another fact touching eggs which it will do very well to remember. When, as sometimes by accident, corrosive sublimate is swallowed, the white of one or two eggs, taken immediately, will neutralise the poison, and change the effect to that of a dose of calomel.

IMPORTANT TO BUILDERS.

We gather from a communication in the Boston Daily Advertiser, that "the insurance upon any new building is null, if segars have been used in or about that building." Yankee apprentices must do their long-nine smoking "elsewhere;" as the Boston ordinances are fond of saying.

ANOTHER COMET.

Our astronomers must be on the lookout. M. Arago announced, at a lecture delivered by him lately, at the Observatory of Paris, that one of his pupils had discovered a new comet on the night of the 3d to the 4th ult.

GEN. WALL.

We are gratified to state, on the authority of the Trenton Emporium, that Gen. Wall, of New Jersey, has recovered from his late attack of paralysis.

REPEAL MEETINGS.

Two meetings of the friends of the Repeal of the Legislative Union of Ireland with England, have been held in this city, this week, and upwards of five hundred dollars contributed. In New York it is said that one thousand dollars were received at one session of the officers of the Association; over eight thousand persons visiting the Hall.

THE EAST INDIA SQUADRON.

It is announced officially, that any letters for the Brandywine or St. Louis, that may be forwarded to Mr. Cushing at Boston, previous to the 16th inst., will be taken out to the squadron. This is an important item to the thousands who have friends on board of those ships.

A BAD LOOKOUT.

It is stated, as the general belief, that on the occasion of the recent loss of the English steamer Solway, the man at the helm was drunk, and the officer of the watch asleep when the vessel struck.

FIRST RATE OFFICERS.

Of twelve gentlemen who have held the office of Mayor of Washington, since 1802, five have been practical printers.

General News.

Suicide in Court.—At Columbus, Ga., a few days since, a man named Smith, who had been arrested on a charge of theft, attempted, while in the charge of the officer in the lobby of the court house, to swallow prussic acid. He was partially foiled in his attempt, but immediately after drew a knife from his pocket and cut his throat in such a manner that he died soon after. On the same day that this occurred, another man named Simpler was drowned in the river while attempting to make his escape from the officers of the law.

Singular Cause of Death.—On Wednesday evening week, in New York, a lad named Henry Cornell, aged 17, was instantly killed, in rather a singular manner. He was playing with several other boys, at the corner of Chambers and Chatham streets, and, while running, suddenly met a black man going in the opposite direction. The shock of the collision was so violent that Cornell instantly fell backwards upon the pavement, and was taken up dead.

Another Great Pigeon Roost.—The Lancaster, Ohio, Examiner, in a notice of the great pigeon roost in Illinois, says: "There is one now, about sixteen miles north of this place, near Kirkersville, Licking county, which, it is said, covers a tract of five miles in diameter, and which has been visited by many of our citizens. We noticed a wagon in our market yesterday morning, loaded with live pigeons, brought from the same place."

The Oregon.—An expedition for the Oregon, was to leave Jackson county, Mo., on the 20th of last month. The company consisted of five hundred persons, some with families. They had about one hundred and fifty wagons, drawn by oxen, together with horses for nearly every individual, and some milch cows. They were to carry as much provision with them as possible, and some of the necessary implements of husbandry.

In a Hurry.—A convention is to be held at Cincinnati on the 3d, 4th and 5th of July next, to urge upon Congress the *immediate occupation* of the Oregon Territory, by the arms and laws of the Republic, and to adopt such measures as may seem most conducive to its immediate and effectual occupation, whether the government acts or not in the matter. The call is signed by a dozen names of respectable citizens.

Another Piratical Wrecker.—Captain Higgins, of the brig Joseph Atkins, arrived at Boston last week, from Jaćmel, states that his vessel was boarded on the 14th ult., off the island of Heneague, by a schooner pretending to be a wrecker, the captain of which offered him five hundred dollars, or half salvage, if he would run his vessel ashore.

A School Fund.—The capital of the Connecticut School Fund, according to the Commissioners Report, is now $2,044,354 87. The unsold lands belonging to the fund, being now the only means of increasing its productive capital, the present amount, he says, cannot be materially augmented. The original capital of the fund was $1,200,000.

Counterfeits.—Large numbers of gold lever watches which have been sold in all the principal cities of the United States, as English watches, were manufactured in Hartford, Connecticut. Mr. Pitkin, the maker, finding that his watches would not sell, except as an English article, resorted to the trick of marking them with the English stamp.

☞ A terrific thunder-storm passed over Detroit on the 30th ult., and the rain fell so as literally to inundate the city. A flash of lightning struck a school house in which were some sixty or seventy girls at the time, and two girls were instantly killed, two severely injured, and several others slightly so.

☞ Breedlove, Jewell, and Rynders, the individuals arrested in Washington a short time since, charged with being implicated in the robbery of Treasury Notes from the Custom House, in New Orleans, in July last, arrived in that city on the 25th ult., and were confined in the Baronne street prison.

☞ The city of Hamburg is rising from its ruins in increased beauty. Five hundred houses have been erected on the sites of a portion of those burnt in 1842. The streets have been much enlarged, and a contract has been entered into with a French Company, to light the city with gas.

The Commerce of New York.—The foreign arrivals at New York, during the month of May, 1842, were 259. The arrivals for the same month this year, were 203. Foreign and coastwise clearances for May, 1843, 480—namely, foreign 148, coastwise 332.

☞ The Britannia, the pioneer ship of the Royal Mail line of steamers, is withdrawn from the line, to undergo a thorough overhauling and repair, Captain Hewitt remaining in Liverpool to superintend the refitting, &c. Lieut. Roberts has been transferred to the Acadia.

A Heavy Load.—One *Levi Garret*, of Liberty, Sullivan county, N. H., has run away with all the money he could raise, taking the wife and *two children* of his neighbor, Elam Strong. Garret is some 40 years old; his paramour 24, and the children 6 and 3.

☞ One of the passengers who came over in the Acadia returned in the Caledonia, which sailed about an hour after the arrival of the A. He will probably have come to America, transacted his business, and returned to England, all within the space of 25 days.

☞ The Supreme Court of New York, at its recent term, decided that the enlistment of an alien in the army of the United States is not illegal, and cannot on the ground of alienage, be set aside. The same decision has been made in Virginia.

Important Decision.—We learn from the Iowa Gazette of the 20th ult., that the Supreme Court of that Territory, at its late session, decided that the President of the United States had no authority to lease lead mines in Iowa Territory.

Emigrants.—A letter from Munich, states that between the years 1835 and 1840, 24,470 persons emigrated from Bavaria: of this number nearly 19,000 proceeded to America. The amount of the emigrations since 1840 is not stated.

Dandelions.—The Bangor Whig, says that there is a man in Cambridge, Mass., who cultivates a quarter of an acre of dandelions for the Boston market, and that his crop of them yields him two hundred dollars annual income.

☞ The Buckeyes and Hoosiers along the line of the Wabash and Erie canals, propose to have a grand jollification at Fort Wayne, on the 4th of July next, in honor of the opening of this important line of intercommunication.

☞ There was a fine encampment at Bedford, Pa., a few days since. Several of the volunteer companies of the neighborhood participated, and the whole affair passed off with pleasure to all concerned.

☞ Mr. C. H. Eaton, tragedian, had his arm fractured and his head severely injured by a fall, at Pittsburg, on Tuesday night of last week. It was feared he would die from concussion of the brain.

☞ It is stated in the Zion's Herald, that William Emerson, of Malden, now in his eighty-fourth year, made during the past year, with his own hand, eight hundred and ninety pairs of men's shoes.

Iron Houses.—The rebuilding of Point-Petre, with iron houses, as affording the best security against earthquakes, is said to be seriously contemplated by the French government.

☞ A farm of twenty-five acres, at Flatbush, N. Y., with a house upon it of but little value, sold on Friday week at auction, by order of Chancery, at $7500, or $300 per acre, all cash.

☞ The whole city debt of New York, is about $14,000,000 00.

☞ A prize fight between two men named respectively Clark and Hughes, was fought near New Orleans on the 23d ult. Thirty-two rounds were fought in the presence of 2000 persons.

☞ Gum elastic suspenders are manufactured at Middletown, Conn., and furnish at three dollars a dozen. They are pronounced to be equal to those manufactured by the French.

☞ A Catholic Chapel at Woodstock, N. B., was broken open and robbed on the 23d ult. A reward of £25 has been offered for information as to the perpetrators of the outrage.

☞ Jacob Shipman, the absconding messenger, has been removed from Philadelphia to New York, there to undergo a trial for taking away the funds of the Union Bank.

Copper.—Upwards of 40,000 lbs. copper had been shipped from the Mineral Point mineral region, prior to the 4th inst. It was destined for England.

☞ The New York papers state that a large number of counterfeit Mexican dollars, and American half dollars, have been seized by the police of that city.

☞ Five hundred and eighty bass were caught at one haul, at Wickford, R. I., one day last week, some of them weighing forty pounds each.

☞ Ex-President Boyer, is, it is said, about to proceed to Paris, having invested a large portion of his fortune in the French funds.

☞ Mrs. Miller, the lady whose husband recently abducted her, has obtained a decree of divorce by the Legislature of Connecticut.

☞ The value of the real and personal property in the city of St. Louis, as reported by the late assessment, is 11,721,425 19.

☞ The receipts from all sources of the American Board of Missions, during the month of April, amounted to $20,592,29.

☞ An Anti-duelling-Association has been established in London, and many noblemen have become members.

☞ Several of the Georgia papers recommend the policy of manufacturing corn-stalk sugar in that State.

Notices of the Dead.

Willet Lounsbury.—The Cayuga Patriot announces the death of the joint editor and proprietor of that paper, Willet Lounsbury, Esq. He was in good health on the morning of his death. While cheerfully conversing with his wife, he expired so suddenly that she was not aware of any change, until he was drawing his last breath. The members of the Typographical profession held a meeting, and passed resolutions expressive of their respect for the deceased, and sympathy with his widow and children. Mr. L. was only 35 years of age.

☞ Mr. Thomas Wilcox, aged 85 years, died at Tiverton, on Friday of last week. Mr. W. was probably the last of that adventurous band, who, with Col. Barton, (afterwards Gen. Barton) as their leader captured Gen. Prescott, a British officer, on Rhode Island, during the revolution, and conveyed him safely to Warwick.

Death of Mrs. Morrison.—We learn, with much regret, says the Missionary Chronicle, that Mrs. Morrison, wife of the Rev. J. H. Morrison, departed this life on the 14th of February. She died in Calcutta, after a lingering and painful illness.

☞ Mr. Abbott, the comedian, a native of England, died in New York, on Thursday of last week, of apoplexy. He fell down in a fit while playing on Tuesday night, and and since that, had a second attack, which terminated his life.

Sudden Death.—James Cheston, President of the Farmers' and Planters' Bank, Baltimore, died suddenly on Wednesday of last week, at his residence. His disease, it is supposed, was an affection of the heart.

☞ Henry Gibson, Esq., Clerk of the United States Court for the District of Virginia, died at Richmond a few days since. He was a gentleman of an ardent and generous temperament, and highly esteemed.

☞ Hon. Meek Kelley, one of the Associate Judges of Indiana county, Pa., died at his residence, near Indiana, on Sunday, the 14th ult.

Local Intelligence.

Controllers of Public Schools.—The Directors of the Public Schools in the city met on Monday, and re-elected the following gentlemen members of the Board of Control of Public Schools; Thomas G. Hollingsworth, W. S. Perot, George M. Wharton, George Emlen, Jr., Samuel English, Dr. George H. Burgin, Clifford Smith.

The Directors in the District of Kensington, re-elected Alderman Hugh Clark and John Robbins, Jr. Esq., members of the Board of Control for the city and county.

Northern Liberties—John Miller, John C. Smith and Alex. Browne.

The Directors in Moyamensing re-elected Francis Lyons.

Southwark—Hugh O'Donnell, and Wm. J. Crans.

Spring Garden—Joseph Yeager and John J. McCahen.

Oxford, Lower Dublin, Byberry and Moreland—John Foulkrod.

Roxborough, Germantown and Bristol—John Wister.

West Philadelphia, Blockley, Kingsessing and Passyunk—Henry Leech.

N. and S. Penn Township and Unincorporated Northern Liberties—Jacob Heyberger.

Good Work.—The locomotive Joseph W. Patterson, built by Wm. Norris in this city, in 1840, has run 37,000 miles on the Baltimore and Washington railroad, without requiring repairs. This fact speaks well for Philadelphia workmanship.

Enlargement.—The Catholic church at Fairmount is having additions made to it, by which its dimensions will be nearly, if not quite double what they are now.

New Pavement.—The wooden pavement in front of the State House has been taken up and replaced by one of blocks of granite—a decided improvement.

Schuylkill Coal.—102,328 tons of Schuylkill Coal have been received in this city the present season.

Political Intelligence.

That Fine.—The resolutions adopted by the Louisiana Legislature, declaring the intention of that body to refund the fine imposed on General Jackson, in the event of Congress refusing to do so, were conveyed to the Hermitage on the 23d, and delivered to General Jackson in person. By order of Governor Mouton, these resolutions had been beautifully transcribed upon parchment, in French and English, with the seal of the State affixed, and enclosed in a handsome gilt frame.

Massachusetts Election.—At the trial on Monday last to elect four Representatives to Congress from Massachusetts, one only would appear to have been elected, Mr. King, (Whig.) He is returned from the district in which Mr. Rantoul was a candidate during previous trials, Mr. R. having declined the nomination.

☞ J. C. Harris, editor of the Nashville Union, has gone out to Europe as a Government Agent to look after the Tobacco interest of this country, at a salary of $4000 per annum.

☞ William Crump, Esq., of Powhatan county, Va., has been appointed Naval Storekeeper for the Washington Navy Yard, *vice* Cary Selden, Esq., deceased.

☞ The Legislature of Connecticut has granted a divorce to Emma W. Yates (better known as Emma Willard) from her husband, Christopher C. Yates.

Army & Navy.

Fine Ship.—The U. S. ship Saratoga, of the African Squadron, is said to be, perhaps the finest vessel of her class in the world. She rates as a sloop of war, is 1000 tons burthen, and her complement of officers and men all told about 250 men and boys. She mounts 20 guns, of which 6 are 68 pounder Paixhan guns, the other 14 medium 32 pounders—a most formidable battery.

Failure.—The smoke pipe experiment on board the steamboat Missouri, has been unsuccessful. The plan was to convey the smoke from the furnace into the wheel boxes, and so obviate the necessity of a high smoke stack. On the first experiment the smoke was so dense on board the vessel that the crew were nearly suffocated. The attempt has been abandoned.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$5 per annum—$3 if paid in advance; $2.50 at no name for six months.

Postmasters are requested to hand their letters or ground to us. The word "free" of itself is not a frank. Agents will please remove their letters with their papers.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittance, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and Post offices.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to another copy.

Editors must always state the paper in the editorial, or we shall not know what paper to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements. Other well enough known may be acknowledged by and by.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Magazine and Lady's World and Fashions—

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Hartman street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Messrs. Mosher, Jas. H. Smith, H. Comstock, J. R. Humphrey and J. T. Frost.*

SAMUEL M. FELTON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

HENRY M. LEWIS is authorized to act as Alabama Agent.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-West, assisted by Floyd, Jones, Lewis, Wheeler, Wm. H. Wild, *O. H. P. Shaw, and Henry Pratt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collects for us in Pennsylvania, assisted by *Hoover & Bro.*

JAS F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to receive new subscribers to Graham's Magazine. United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies may also be had at his store in Nashville.*

Notices of New Works.

THE HISTORY OF IRELAND: *Comprising antient and modern Ireland, and Ireland under the Normans, Stuarts and Hanoverians, to 1845: By Thomas Moore — Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.*—In a note the publishers state that the history was originally announced as of *Ancient Ireland*, to 1445: *By Thomas Moore — Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.*—In a note the publishers state that the history was originally announced as of *Ancient Ireland*, which has so far been written and published. In one volume, large 8vo., we have the three volumes of the London edition, which is accused will be published as soon as it shall be received. Should the author never, however, complete the work, this volume is valuable and important as far as it goes. We hold it a duty of freshmen to study earnestly the early history of their country: for the political disadvantages of the present day, which we have not too much into the shade the poetical passages in her early history, which we not exceeded in beauty by the history of any nation of the world, ancient or modern. And if there be about Ireland's early history a character somewhat shadowy and legendary, it possesses that character in common with all the early history of man. It has the advantages and peculiarity of embodying historical incidents, manners and customs, and combining imagery, with less alloy of coarse than force and courage, than the infancy of almost any northern nation. The author's genius, as Mr. Moore has long since joined an unexpected amount of anticipation industry and research; he has turned out a work which will rank high in this country, settled so largely by freshmen as it is, ought to read.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.—*Zieber & Co.* The June number of this valuable magazine is on our table, and although we have not had time to look into the politician but to the general reader also. The reputation of the Review is fully sustained by the number before us, and we have no opinion, or wish to say that we are uttering to "faint praise." The work is embellished with an engraved portrait of Albert Gallatin, on which we will say a word when we visit acknowledge to be a most faithful likeness.

The thirteenth volume of this magazine will commence in July and it cannot fail to receive the cordiality and efficiency which have heretofore characterized the arrangements of the publishers in getting it out. The numbers for the coming year, besides embodying a large amount of the political and literary talent of the country, will be ornamented with portraits of Mr. RITCHIE, the veteran editor of the "Richmond Enquirer," Col. JOHNSON, Mr. BENTON, Gen. CASS, Mr. BUCHANAN, Mr. WOODBURY, Mr. DALLAS, Col. SAMUEL TILDEN, of New York, and other distinguished individuals—in addition to which, great improvements in the way of typographical embellishments are contemplated.

FREEMEN'S CHRONICLE.—*Philadelphia: C. B. Zieber & Co., W. H. Graham, and J. H. Van Vort.* — "Freemen's Chronicles!" Why, the very head of Sir John Fremont!—the Hasselates of English History! The same delightful and straight-forward simplicity of style marks the conduct of the work, and preserving the wonderful hear-says of his days—the same undisturbed tranquility—the breeding of things which came within his own knowledge, are the characteristics of the English Chronicler, as of the French Froissart. It is really entertaining to see how well up to Sir John as to a romance, and for the hour, at any rate, to credit as implicitly what you read, as the author could ask of his character as he was relating comparison of authorities distracts the personal—no provoking peradventure mars the probabilities—no material skeptical note and pencil in the margin to be the death of the best part of the text. The history extends from 1326 to 1460, is embellished with over one hundred and sixty engravings, and will be completed in ten consecutive numbers. It is very cheap, and is, in every respect.

THE FLEAS HUNT.—*By G. P. R. James—New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The second number of James's Novels, worthy of all praise, that they can be placed with any author in the world, and we are strong to read them. The author has never exercised the higher sense which should influence a writer, to the degree as to get up a romance, which, at the expense of his better principles; and his books generally are excellent comparisons to the history of the period which he has chosen for the scene of events to exist. The novel under notice seems to be as well done as almost any of Mr. James's many books. It may be laid down as a fact that if Mr. James's pen is in the room, he will be sure to find his way to it.

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Ireland.

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Religious Intelligence.

EPISCOPAL CONVENTIONS.—The convention of the Diocese of Maryland adjourned on Friday last. The Bishop's address, concurred in by the Standing Committee, expresses the decided opinion that the encouraging advancement in its general state, a large increase in the number of communicants; a steadily increasing liberality in contributions for missions; and an extending observance of the festivals, fasts, and weekly duty services of the church. The Synod New Jersey assembled at Trenton on Thursday, after two days session. More than twenty-five clergymen were present from the respective parishes, and the condition of the Diocese would appear from the proceedings, to be highly prosperous.

MASSACHUSETTS MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—The report made at the forty-fourth anniversary of the Society states that the receipts during the year, (including a balance of $1845) in the treasury, were $17,345 64. Of this sum $6109 3 have been expended in the States, and $1611 15 have gone to the treasury of the Parent Society. The whole amount disbursed to the cause of Home Missions during the year, by Massachusetts, was $16,503 17—which is $1,711 162 60 over the preceding year. In this State 71 churches have received aid from the Society's funds.

THE LORD'S CAUSE.—We see it stated in an English paper that the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society lately took place in Exeter Hall, Lord Bexley in the Chair. The total receipts of the society for the year 1843, during the last seven months have been characterized with kind feeling and more than ordinary interest. Both meetings to journed on Friday.

NEW ENGLAND SABBATH SCHOOLS.—The number of Baptist Sabbath Schools in the six New England States is 662; scholars, 36,515; volumes in the library, 118,012.

☞ The new church of St. Mary, at Cincinnati, is nearly completed. It is adorned with a handsome steeple, which will contain a chime of bells, the smallest of which will weigh three hundred pounds, and the largest three thousand pounds. The bells were cast by Mr. Coffin, of Cincinnati.

BOSTON EPISCOPAL CITY MISSION.—A distinguished and wealthy Episcopalian, of Boston, having visited the town, at his own expense, a Chapel for this Society, measures are about being taken to procure a suitable site, and erect the Chapel.

BOSTON.—The Rev. A. D. Gillette, pastor of the Green Street Baptist Church, Philadelphia, immersed twelve persons on Sunday morning, all of whom, we understand, in the afternoon became members of said church.

NEW CHURCH.—The corner stone of a new Catholic Church was laid at Troy on Wednesday morning week. The church is to cost about $20,000.

NEW JERUSALEM CHURCH.—The Annual Convention of this church met at Cincinnati on the 29th ult. A large number of delegates were present.

☞ REPORTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST.

PLACES OF WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 11th.

Presbyterian Episcopal.—Grace Church, Twelfth above Spruce street. Church of the Ascension, Locust above Eleventh street. St. Timothy's Church, Spring Garden above Fifteenth street. St. John's Church, corner of Brown and Saint John. Advent Church, (in Temperance Hall) Third street below Green. Barnard Church, Kensington, Queen near Princess, Kensington. Trinity Church, Catharine street above Second. Church of the Evangelist, Fifth street above Poplar. Church of the Epiphany, Fifth street below Carpenter. Saint Matthew's Church, Francisville. Saint Mary's Church, Hamiltonville.

Presbyterian.—Old School.—Fourth Church, Twelfth and Lombard street. Seventh Church, Penn square.

Presbyterian.—New School.—First Church, Washington square, but now meeting in Locust above Fifteen and Schuylkill Sixth street. Eleventh Church, Vine above Twelfth street. First Church, Southwark. Second Church, corner of Tenth and First Church, Southwark, German street below Third. First Church, Fairmount. Headlesville Church.

German Reformed.—Race street above Fourth. Race street below Fourth.

Lutheran.—Saint Matthew's Church, New street near Race.

Methodist Episcopal.—All open on Sunday Evening.

Protestant Protestant.—All open on Sunday Evening.

Baptist.—All open but the First Church.

Friends.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust streets.

Universalist.—All open on Sunday Evening.

Unitarian.—First Church, corner of Fourth and Locust streets.

German Reformed.—Race street below

Gems from the Poets.

NIAGARA.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Flow on for ever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and beauty. Young Day fills
His chalice at thy fountain, and he cloud
Blushes around thy feet. And he dark grey
Thy voice of thunder pours to speak of him
Unweariy—bidding the ley of man
Keep silence, and upon the rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.

And who can dare
To lift the casual tramp of earthly hope,
Or hum, or murmur,—near the presence mighty
Of thy tremendous hymn!—Even Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood, and his wild waves
Retire chastised.—For he doth sometimes seem
To sleep like a mere thing, mirror, and rend
His vaunted billows from their wrong pride.
And lull them to a restful calm,—but then,
With everlasting, undergoing toil,
Dost roar and help or die!

The morning stars,
When first they sang at young creation's birth,
Heard the deep anthem,—and those watching fires
That send the archangel's signal to dissolve
The solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name
Encircle, as with a diadem, thy brow.
Spirit of Majesty! Earth's wonder! Strength
That fills itself within the proud destroy,
Doth gather greenness from the living spray,
And trouble at the baptism.—Lo! you birds
The wanton bashful pair, bathing their wings
And dry them and rest.—The meet for them
To touch thy garment's hem,—or lightly sail
The snowy bosoms of thy vapor vessels,
Who spread their scattered sails upon the fleecy cloud,
And listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
Without reproof.—But as for us,—we dare
Scarce kneel with our broken tones to speak
Fomiliarly of thee,—Manhood, to call
Thy glorious fastness with our puerile pace,
Our sinful weakness.—The waters of a well,
Were evidence enough.

Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy mystery:
And while it rushes with delirious joy
To tread thy temples, dost chase its step,
And check its rapture with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
In the dread presence of the Invisible,
As if to answer to no God through thee.

From the Mouthlies.

THE MINER'S LOVE.

A Legend of Love's Constancy.

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

The Simplon road, in descending to Lake Majeur, crosses several times, on beautiful constructed bridges, the river Cosia, which gives its name to the valley. After having passed one of these bridges, called the Ponte Maggiore, it reaches the valley of Antrasca, conducting to Mount Rose. This magnificent mountain, which is supposed to be not two hundred and fifty feet lower than Mount Blanc, is visible from nearly part of Lombardy; but the valley is still more an object of curiosity and admiration to the people, for it abuts within its bosom, the most powerful of all talismanic gold.

Fifty romantic those mines, which most formerly have been of much importance, as for seven hundred the employing of more than five thousand slaves to work them, from fear that the keepers should become too wealthy. Afterwards only a thousand workmen labored there, and not even that number is generally dominished. Nevertheless, all the inhabitants of the valley have the privilege of seeking gold, and many of them, who, from their occupations, are styled "Marcuti," have no other profession.

It was related to me, that on dark and stormy nights, these Marcuti observed little lights shining on the hills, and if in the morning they could find the exact spot where they appeared, gold was certain to reward the search. This unusual romantic strength of exite our curiosity, but sometime we gained few satisfactory answers to our questions on the subject. At length we were so fortunate as to meet an Italian, who was disposed to be more intelligible, and our readers, if they please, can, like ourselves, strivine the origin of the storm-fires of Antrasca, to the tale we are about to relate.

"I have seen them myself," said the Italian, "and fortunately, the very first time I visited Lake Majeur in the vicinity of Antrasca, and I was supposed to be detained in a hut situated at the foot of one of the widest defiles, by a violent storm which rendered our horses ungovernable. As I was seated on a bench, gazing drowsily from the window—for, there was no bed in the establishment, save that of my host, and of that I would not deprive him—I perceived several pale lights at a distance among the rocks. I at first thought they shone from the casement of some hut, but remembering that portion of the mountain was uninhabited, and in truth, uninhabitable, I arose from my seat, and asked the inmates of the house the cause of the phenomenon. While I spoke, the lights disappeared, but a moment after, was visible in another place, as if the person who carried them had passed around a rock. The tempest continued during the time to rage with such fury which terrified to crush our miserable place of refuge, and to hurl down the very mountains themselves, and the night was so dark we could scarcely distinguish the earth from the sky.

"See, it is there again!" I exclaimed, "will no host, what is it?"

"It is the lamp of Lelia," ejaculated one of our host's children, or Father! cried the child. Oh! Bestia, Vittorio! Lelia is on the mountains!"

At these cries, the family arose, and all standing before the window, fixed their eyes on the flashes which continued to shine during the greater part of the night, though at long intervals. The darkness of the last willingly told me all they knew concerning these lights, but only one confident that I was to be silent whenever they appeared, and allow them to observe with attention the exact spot where they appeared.

"To render my story intelligible, I must inform you that the Miserati and the farmers compose two distinct classes in the valley of Antrasca. The property-need of the former, when they make it their sole profession, is regarded as disgraceful by the other inhabitants who gain a livelihood by regular industry, and in fact, the conduct if the Miserati offers some apology for what appears a very strong aversion. Illiterate, superstitious and quarrelsome; at our perfect rule, and at constant pending with true gar. To be brief, they are liable to all the calamities, both moral and physical, which befall men, the gamisters for example, who cannot calculate on the benefits of regular labor.

"Notwithstanding, they are naturally a fine race of men, hardy, courageous, and in general well handsome. They disperse literally what they have gained easily, and if, one day they crouch, half dead with hunger, like wild animals looking on the sun the next morning, if fortune prove smiling, they appear gay and brilliant, the true lords of the valley. The Miserati sometimes talk of love, and though they rarely wed the land, but often bring the name of the pretty maidens of Antrasca. If their sighs are coldly granted, they seek consolace still more among their themselves, and whose arms are always open to brave and desperate men. Of the daughters they profession, and hamest the main route when nights are dark and tempestuous—a custom which still exists in the banners of the regular bandits, who rob by these bands, and whose booty is a province or a kingdom.

"Francesco Marzoli was the handsomest and the most Miserati in the valley. His average, I admit, but, due to the trust of his class, and it was rumored that he many good qualities, that even the farmers—at least those who had no daughters to be married—found pleasure in his society. Francesco sang with such melancholy sweetness, that the old women shed tears while listening. He had one of those tender and lamenting voices which call to the memory a first entrance, and which, seem, when heard again, to be the realization of a pleasant dream.

"Lelia was the only person in the valley who had never heard Francesco sing. All the other members, either secretly or openly, under one pretext or another, had enjoyed their curiosity. She was the daughter of one of the wealthiest farmers of Antrasca. Lelia was very young—scarcely sixteen, but her position as an only child, and her fortune, consisting of more than a thousand Austrian pounds, soon attracted the attention of the other inhabitants. Her fastens were rapidly beautiful, but though perfectly well proportioned, her form was so slight and petite, and her manners so timid and youthful, that she was still considered as a child. The farmers, as I said, did not, for this reason, see the less in her charms, but they were too prudent to offer their suits to a girl who could express the desire of her parents.

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